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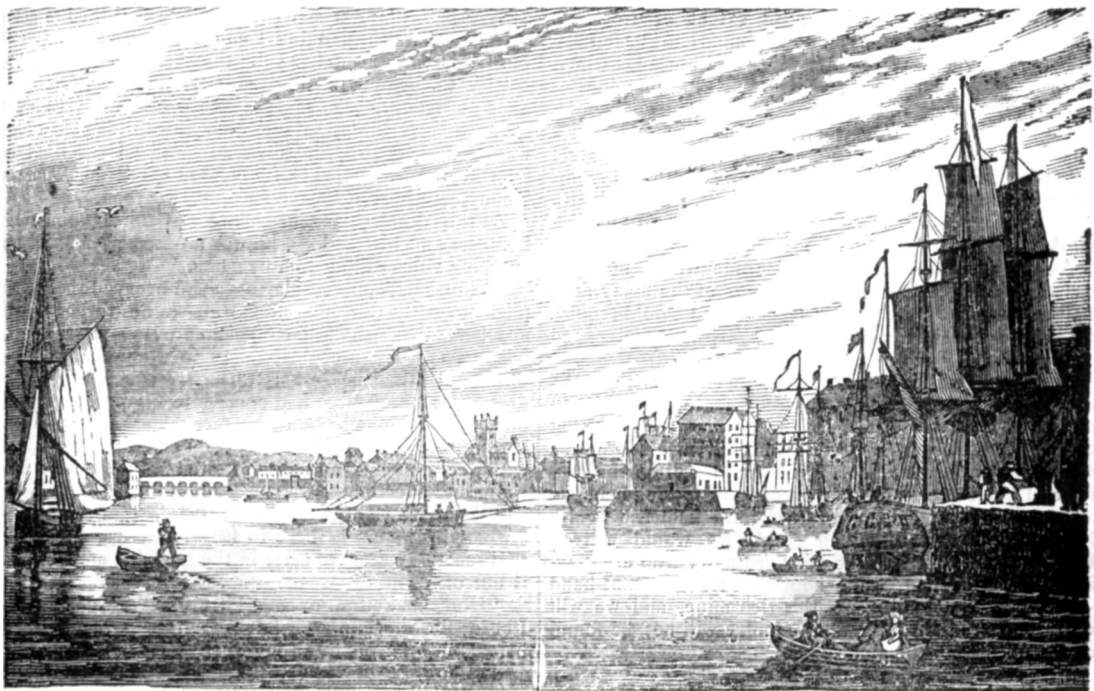
# THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

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CITY OF LIMERICK.

The city of Limerick is situated in the heart of the most fertile part of Ireland, on the finest navigable river in the British European dominions. It ranks as the third city in Ireland, and contains by the latest census 8,268 houses, and 66,000 inhabitants. The city is composed of the English Town, the Irish Town, and New-town-Pery. The first stands on the Northern side of the river, being separated from the two latter by a narrow arm of the Shannon, which embraces the English town in its entire circumference: and on the N. W. side of the great branch of the river, in the county of Clare, is the extensive and populous suburb of Thomondgate. The English town has all the antiquated appearance of a close built fortress of the latter part of the seventeenth century: its venerable cathedral, narrow streets and lofty houses, chiefly built in the Dutch or Flemish fashion, are said to give it a considerable resemblance to Rouen in Normandy. This gloom is however relieved at various openings by a view of the cheering waters of the Shannon, while the vicinity of the canal, and the verdant fields and gardens which skirt the borders of the Abbey-river, afford a pleasant promenade to its dense population. The ground on which the New Town is built, is rather elevated, and the soil in general gravelly and dry. The streets are spacious, cut each other at right angles, and are occupied by elegant houses and merchants' stores, constructed of brick and lime stone, for which the neighbouring district supplies the finest materials. A more superb city-view can hardly be presented to the eye, than the range of buildings from the New Bridge to the crescent, a distance little short of an English mile, including Rutland-street, Patrick-street, George's-street, and the Tontine; and its interest will be greatly heightened, when

the line of buildings is continued from the crescent along the military road, and the projected square built on its left. Shops tastefully laid out and richly furnished line these streets, while others diverge to right and left, which are chiefly occupied by the residences of the gentry. At every opening to the westward, salubrious breezes from the Shannon, inspire health and vigour, and a walk to the quays is amply compensated by the scenes of busy traffic there presented, and the various enlivening prospects which meet the eye. Here the packet boat from Kilrush is landing her joyous passengers, whose nerves have been braced, and spirits exhilarated, by some weeks residence on the shores of the Atlantic at Kilkee or Malbay. There turf and fish-boats are discharging their cargoes, which are rapidly conveyed by herculean porters to the dwellings of the consumers, amidst various specimen of Munster wit, sometimes delivered in the native language, and sometimes in Anglo-Irish. On the west are seen, the distant towers of Carrigogunnell castle; and the Pool, where the larger ships ride at anchor in perfect security, while many a skiff cuts the blue wave: on the east appear the mill of Curragour built in 1672, and its rapid current, which roars and eddies amidst rocks of various shapes and sizes—the bridge of Thomond, hoary with age, and the ivy mantled turrets of King John's castle, backed by the mountains of Clare and Tipperary. The city contains nearly fifty public edifices, about one half of which stand on the south-west side of the river.

The old city connected with the County of Clare by Thomond-bridge, one of the most architectural monuments in the south of Ireland, was formerly considered as a principal fortress, and as an important military position; it was called the key of Munster, was surrounded by walls, and defended by a castle, now in ruins.

The liberties comprehend about 16,000 Irish acres extending from three to four miles south, east, and west of the old city walls.

The parish of St. Michael's or the New Town of Limerick

\* From a drawing originally made for "M'Gregor's History of Limerick," a work containing much valuable information relative to the ancient and present History of Ireland, and which well deserves a place in the library of every gentleman in Great Britain. The description is from the same work.

rick, is divided from the old city by a branch of the Shannon; it is described as containing 2,000 houses and 1,000 inhabitants, and as comprising "all the wealth and trade of the city."

"From Limerick the Shannon flows in a broad and majestic volume to the sea, bounded on either side by the counties of Clare, Limerick, and Kerry, many parts of which it fertilizes by its tributary streams; and when we contemplate the progress of this fine river from its source to the sea—whether we consider the vast body of its waters; the great extent of rich and highly cultivated country and the populous towns on its banks and its vicinity; the mountains and lowlands which adorn its margin: the extent and value of the mines of iron, lead, marble, coal and slate which abound on its shores; the immense power of its noble falls: or its crystal waters, teeming with the finest fish, we cannot but feel astonishment at the little benefit produced to the country by these many and eminent advantages, where a bounteous providence has scattered blessings with so liberal a hand, 'where nature has done so much and man so little.' The miserable and lingering trade which may be said to disgrace this noble stream is one of the many anomalous things we meet with in Ireland, and would require the investigation of those who seem so earnestly interested in the prosperity of our country.

"We would call on the statesmen, the engineers, and the wealthy capitalists of our more fortunate sister isle to come and view this part of Ireland; for we conceive that it affords advantages far beyond what is imagined by the casual and transient visitor. We would call on the gentry and landowners of this favoured spot, to look beneath, above, and around them, for they have immense wealth lying as it were, within their grasp—we would call on them and all to look to the poor peasantry who are craving for employment, while boundless riches are at hand—let them unite and work this rich mine, and we will venture to predict that a finer country will not be found on the surface of the globe."

#### TIM ROONY.

"See, ah see! while yet her ways  
With doubtful step I tread,  
A hostile world its terrors raise,  
Its snares delusive spread."

MERRICK.

Tim Rooney was a peasant boy from the wilds of Connemarra, and left without home or kindred, he sought the "great city" to look for employment. It was a pleasant morning when for the last time he arose from his straw pallet, in the barn of a neighbouring farmer, to set out upon his journey of adventure. The village cock had sounded his shrill clarion to awake the slumber of the labourer and call him up to his daily toil, to which with a healthy frame and cheerful heart he went jocund along; but not so with poor Tim, he climbed the little eminence at the rear of the cottage, where once dwelt his happy family, but, alas! they were now no more. Famine had taken them all off, and he was the only one that remained: upon that cot his eye loved to dwell, for it brought up to his mind in bright and dark perspective, the joys of his childhood and the griefs of his manhood. As he, with farewell look, gazed on the mountain and the brook, the busy mill, and the green common, where his young footsteps often strayed, and the woody glens around that cot—his heart beat faintly, for he knew he was about bidding them an eternal farewell.

There were none, in all the cabins around, to whom he could sigh one fond adieu; all were in the damp grave whom his heart fondly loved, and the grave yard that lay in its lonely shadow was before him—hither he went.—Five grass overgrown graves lay beside him, and to gaze on these graves he found a something of a pleasurable, though melancholy delight.

There is a something that overpowers the heart as we look on the cold and silent graves of our kindred; a thousand reflections dash at once across our brain, and in the dizzy intensity of the heart's feeling nature sinks, and the tears of reflection steal, whether we will or not, from the heart's fountain into our eyes, that oracle of the heart,—

The rude son of the hamlet felt this, and he sunk silent and sad on the grave that held the mortal remains of his beloved parents.

"Thou art gone—thou art gone from me," said he, "*achorra ma chree*,"\* and ye left me alone in the world. Kith or kin I have none, nor house nor home to put my foot in; augh, had ye died of a natheril sickness 'twar sometin'—bud the hunger and starvation, an' the eeg, brought ye away. *Augh Dieu ith agus a Vauria*,† an' me, poor boy, wears the *suggaun*,‡ to keep away the hunger. *Augh*, shure myself left no stone unturned to get a bit for yir mouths; didn't I go seven miles every foot of the road, to the butcher's for the sheep's blood, and the nettles to give ye; but ye could not live ivir and always on *nawthin*, a *hudgeens ma chree*;§ an' ye went off in a han' gallop, an' me, poor *bouchal*, is goin a long ways from ye all, in sorra an' grief, widout frind or fella in the wide world to say God speed ye, Timothy Rooney, and luck attind ye an' go in yir road."

As this desolate son of sorrow was thus pouring forth his tears and his wailing, he was aroused by a bland and soothing voice calling him by name.

"Thin, Tim, Tim, acushla, fots come overye to be in such plight so early this blessed mornin';" he turned round and beheld a female face peeping over a neighbouring head stone. He recognised one to whom his heart had once paid his sincerest devotion—ere famine with its dreadful concomitants had come into his neighbourhood, but now he looked upon that face which used to awake within his young heart emotions of the tenderest kind, with feelings cold and disinterested as they were once warm and affectionate.

"What are ye doin' Tim, *ma bouchal*," said the female? "where in the use is there to be grieved over the dead in that soot ov a way, so early in the mornin', afore the lark is out of his nest?"

"Don't make fun ov me, Peggy, ashore, in the place I'm in, for shure myself has reason for grieved, fen all belongin' to me is laid in inunther the sod."

"Shure, man alive, that won't call thim back, your ballyorin. Come and carry this pail fur me, that ye often carried afore now, whin you an' I, you know—come, come along, an' no refusin'."

"Augh, wait, Peggy darlint, till I settle the stones at the head ov the crathurs. It will be a long day afore I see the same place agin, or the face o' clay belongin' to the place. *Augh*, God Almighty's blessin' about ye, father, an' mother, an' frins, all, fur ivir more, sweet sayv o' the world."

Here poor Tim rubbed away with the cuff of his old coat, the falling tears.

"Why, Tim, fot is now in yir head—in regard of what yir just been afthur sayin'—won't ye see thim every day ye open yer eyes," said Peggy, as they left the church yard."

"Peggy, darlint, it brakes my heart strings across to tell ye, in regard o' the old kindness between us, fot I'm bent on doin' this blessed mornin'."

"An' fot is that, Tim, jewel, might I be afthur axin' ye? Lord stan' between us an' all harm, an' keep us from an evil hour, bud ver face is not yer own, or fot it ust to be."

"I'm detarmined on doin' it, an' give us yer han' that I'll never see more, my darlint, for I can't look into yer eyes that ust to smile on me—'tis the last time we'll meet, my colleen."

"Tim, be easy now, an' don't be afthur frightnin' me wid your *raums*¶ an' rashness. Don't do *nawthin* rash that wid injure yer sowl, ashore; sure some of us in this worl' must be misfortunate, we wornt all born wid silver spoons in our mouths, an' Tim, jewel, listen to the clargy."

"Augh, Peggy, the sorra a fare is an me to do any thin' out of the way wid myself; ye think me goin' to put a han' in my own death, but no—I was born and christened a christin, an' since that hour ye know I'm one of God's

\* Darlings of my heart. † God and Mary be with you.

‡ Suggaun, straw rope, § Charmers of our heart, ¶ My boy, † Nonsense.